

15 January 1945

38

Good Evening Sweetheart;

I'll do it if it kills me and it probably will. This is the third time I've started this letter and each time I mess it up. I've already made some mistakes this time as you have no doubt noticed but to hell with it, as the old saying goes, Maurice Rides tonight. Don't I wish it were true. It is many and many a day yet before Maurice will ever ride.

I have to stay here late tonight because I was put to work on my old job instead of on typing as there was very little typing to do. This is even more monotonous work than typing because in typing I can at least see where I am deriving some benefit from my work, but here I just do the same old thing over and over and gain nothing practical from my labors.

As you can see I need the practice in typing. This machine is a stinker though because it handles like a Mack truck. After the typewriters we had at school these seem pretty bad. In fact, they are pretty bad.

I thought I'd have the night off because it is supposed to be my regular night off. They needed me here so I stayed and worked. I'd seen all the movies so I'd just as soon wait and have some other night off. Ludwig and Hoppy went to see a show I had already seen. It was "Babes on Swing Street" and was not very good. Thursday there is a fairly good picture here, "Greenwich Village", which I have already seen but which is worth seeing again. Won't you come along with me? I'd love to have you for the company you would furnish me. Wouldn't it be wonderful if I were home and making plans for taking you to a movie Thursday night? If we keep wishing and forgetting the days and remembering only how very much we love one another maybe the time will go by very fast. I hope that it does and will try my damndest to put my theory into practice to see if time won't go by faster that way.

I realize that this is undoubtedly very hard to read since the ribbon is very frayed But I just couldn't resist the opportunity to show off my typing. If you're wondering how the caps come to be at the end of some lines cease wondering because I'll explain it to you. It seems that the margin release on this typewriter is on the blink and the only way I can put in the extra word is by using the shift key and printing a cap. Is that a satisfactory explanation? I hope so, because screwy as it sounds that is what happens.

That bed will look good to me tonight even without in it to keep me warm. Of course it would be much better if you were in it but I'll have to settle for less tonight. Do I seem to be obsessed with the thought of you? If I do, it is no mere illusion. The fact of the matter is that you are an obsession to me. You are on my mind constantly. Everything I do I think of in terms of just how pleasant that thing, no matter what it happens to be, would be if you were there to make it pleasant. Your mere presence is enough to make me ecstatically happy my merry little vixen. I can just close my eyes now and picture you there before me with your eyes just smiling at me in that beautiful way they have of smiling at me all the while we are together. Your funny little nose all crinkled up and your mouth just asking me to kiss it and to hold you in my arms. Now do you begin to see how much of an obsession you are to me? It's very wonderful to love you like this though and I wouldn't trade this love I have for you for anything. Not even for brand new yoyo top so there. All fooling aside Darling, You are quite the nicest and most satisfying person I have ever known.

The news sounds better every night and it seems that this war just can't go on much longer. The Russians have started a new drive, our campaign in the Philippines is coming along wonderfully, and we have stopped the German drive on Belgium. Perhaps it will end this year. There was an interesting sidelight in the news tonight. The German radio

Luzon

in mentioning the new landings on ~~Luzon~~, said that the Japanese were fighting to repel the American invaders after General Yamashita had completed a successful campaign against the American forces on Leyte. If all the future successes of the Imperial army are reasonable fac-similes of the Leyte campaign, I will probably be with you much sooner than either of us thinks. It's funny to listen to the Jap propaganda and then speak to fellows who have been on the spot at the places mentioned by the Japs. There always seems to be a discrepancy between the Jap account and the eyewitness accounts and the discrepancy is never in favor of the Americans. Our accounts are probably not right to the letter all the time, but you can rest assured that they are as nearly correct as they can be made without divulging information to the enemy.

My eyes are beginning to become heavy with sleep Honey so I think I shall bring this letter to a close. Forgive me if I dwell too long on the subject of you will you please. I just never tire of the subject and could just go on talking about you and about how much you mean to me and about how wonderful it is to love you and be loved by you in return. That is something that will have to be filed away with my other explanations to be made after the war since you have no idea of how my love for you has grown since I last saw you and of how much more it will grow until I am with you once more. For the present dear, we'll have to part. Goodnight my love, sleep tight my love, remember that you're mine Sweetheart just as I am

YOURS FOREVER,

Fred

P.S. The plans I promised you are in here. I know there are a lot of faults to be found with them, that's why I'm sending them to you, to get advice. These are the first I've done so maybe with suggestions from you I'll do better on future plans. Here's a nice big kiss for you Sweetheart. You're so very beautiful you just take my breath away.